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The more engrossing pastime of war, one is still happier to say, is now a thing of the past. The Orokaiva are a high-spirited and warlike people, and at no very distant date were frequently engaged in raiding, killing, and eating one another; and life in those times must have involved an anxiety, but also an alertness which are now entirely absent.

Nevertheless, the Orokaiva still loves the appearance of battle—perhaps more, indeed, than he ever loved its deadly realities. No sight is more typical of the people than that of the constantly recurring *esu*, sham-fight or hostile demonstration, with its charge and counter-charge, the forming in line of the warriors, crouched behind their shields and with spears in readiness. Such a demonstration is likely to occur whenever one group of clans enters the village of another, whether to accept hospitality or upon some business such as that of obtaining the bride-price of one of its daughters. On such an occasion one may always hear fierce harangues and altercations, the speaker running back and forth between the two parties, pausing before his auditors and brandishing his spear-point at their very throats. When he retires one of the opposite faction will assume the role of abuse and threatened violence. As a rule this will all pass off in friendliness unless perhaps some man lose his temper in earnest at the resuscitation of some especially bitter grievance, or as sometimes happens, the inflammatory taunts of an old woman, armed aggressively with her long quarterstaff, set the whole in a blaze. Then the sham fight turns into a real *mêlée* in which blows of spear and club are dealt with great freedom and received for the most part safely on the shield. But still the restraint of modern times will prevail. The village constable (unless he has forgotten his office in the heat of the moment and is already wielding a spear) dashes forward with his jangling handcuffs prepared to make an arrest—most likely no doubt on the side opposed to his own, the uproar dies away with nothing worse than a few cuts and bruises, and the business and hospitality of the day will even go on as if nothing had happened. Such friendly bouts as these are all that remain of the fighting days of the Orokaiva.

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764 The grave is dug with knives, sticks, and finger-nails, and the earth scooped out with a wooden dish (*tava*). In one instance a number of young men acted as grave-diggers; the deceased (a woman) stood in the various relationships of *aja*, *tata*, *imboti*, *du*, and *bovatu* to them, and they came from six different villages. It seems clear, therefore, that the function of grave-digger does not belong to any particular relatives.

764 The body, whether of man or woman, is usually carried from the house to the grave by women. Many crowd 152 around, and when the body is laid down in line with the grave there is a veritable scrum of mourners about it. Each is wailing or dirging independently, and to a listener at close quarters the atmosphere seems to be fairly dancing with the discord, though at a distance their combined voices resolve themselves into a rich monotone. The lamentation of the adult takes a lyrical turn in which extempore words are chanted loudly and with some semblance of rhythm, but I do not forget hearing the young son of a dead woman repeatedly scream, '*Aja, aja!*' as if perhaps his grief were too great even for the restraint of a dirge.

764 When for a few moments comparative quietness has been secured, an elderly man, holding in one hand a spear and in 537 the other a bunch or ornaments, stands by the corpse and, 775 pressing upon its feet with one of his own, as if to rouse (*ajari*) or attract its attention, he declaims what we might call a valediction. Of this I have several renderings which agree in essence but differ sufficiently to show that this farewell address is not a set form. The gist of it is as follows: 'Go now to a good place, not an evil one; go to the road of the sunshine, not to the road of the rains; go where there are neither mosquitoes nor march-flies, but where there are pigs in plenty and taro in plenty. Send us pigs and send us taro, and we shall make a feast in your honour, and pay-

from the superincumbent earth. In the hilly country of the Dirou tribe there is a system of cave burial which is foreign to the Orokaiva at large. The body is here wrapped in bark cloth and encased in a roughly meshed structure of cane. This, supported on a pole between two trestles or props, is set up in some inaccessible cave or fissure in the rocks, and allowed to decompose and fall.' I am told that when the package has fallen to pieces and only the skeleton is left, the valuable *dambo* or ornaments which were attached to the body are retrieved.

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ment to those who have mourned for you.' The 'road of the sunshine' (*iji-deita*) was said (when I asked where it was) to be in the east, and the 'road of the rains' in the west, where there are great downpours on the slopes of the Central Range; but it may be said very emphatically that there is no idea of a general Paradise or Elysium in the east, but only of various scattered *sovai-ta-na* or 'villages of the spirits', which are usually in fairly close proximity to the villages of the living. The contrast between sunshine and rain really points to the desired contrast between cheerfulness and gloom, not to that between east and west.

The spear and the handful of ornaments are presented—only in form—to the dead, and he is adjured to present them in turn to the other *sovai* whom he is to meet. He is told to announce his name to them, and the name of his father, to call upon them 'to make way for him, to blow the trumpet, beat the drums, and prepare a feast', and he will hand them these as, it would appear, conciliatory gifts.

When this address is concluded the body is lowered into the grave. The women who are still clinging about it must first be dragged or thrown aside, and this is done by one or two young men with a roughness which is not inexcusable. The grave is only partly filled, and the earth stamped down. In the shallow depression which remains the mourners throw themselves down—as many as can find a place—and veritably wallow in their grief. They almost jostle for position, so much so that I have seen a bereaved husband compelled to push and shoulder his way through a throng of mourners to secure a place at the grave of his wife.

Mourning Seclusion

It is customary among all the tribes for a widow to go into seclusion for some time after her husband's death. In certain tribes the widower is also secluded under similar circumstances, but as this latter custom is not universal I shall in the following section deal solely with the seclusion of the widow.

When the excitement—for such it is—of the funeral has died away, the widow (*doru*) of the deceased is left, perhaps

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conduct had much more of art in it, and fewer real excesses. Considering that they were mostly novices their performance certainly did them credit. Foremost among them, and evidently very conscious of his own address, was my newly converted cook-boy, who danced far better than he cooked.

While these two parties were in a manner dancing one another down, the *Kaiva* men, though less strongly represented, were not idle. Old Tevara, head of the faction from the Kumusi, carried a magnificent spear, very weighty, and beautifully polished and feathered. This he manipulated as if in a pole dance, and performed graceful little pirouettes with his feet, all of which, to one's surprise, cost him no loss of dignity, although he was an elderly man and a very large one. Circling in and out among the bystanders he would pause from time to time to hold his spear horizontally above their heads, in a manner reminiscent of benediction. Prominent among his followers was his wife, whose movements had more velocity if less elegance, and who continually flicked the spectators with a bunch of the crimson-leafed taro medicine, *Tumeni*.

The local faction of *Kaiva* men had their main representative in Siavije, who, trotting aimlessly hither and thither between the several parties of dancers, and repeating something over and over to himself, acted a part all his own which, it is to be feared, made no great impression on the bystanders.

After the dances, antics, or paroxysms of the several sects had continued for some time, there followed a general pause in which the Korisata people, forming themselves into single file, paraded past the visitors, each man shaking the hand of every visitor in turn as he passed. Then one of the leaders of the *Diroga* delivered a harangue before Kove's party of *Kivere* men. Prancing back and forth before them and menacing them with his spear, after the manner of an Orokaiva who wishes to make his voice heard, he explained the methods of *Diroga*, and bade them

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take no offence at the swift and warlike movements which were so different from their own. Kove's party listened with great attention, punctuating the speech with tattoos on their drums and with the deep-toned cry, uttered simultaneously by all, and resembling a kind of hoot, which is the Orokaiva equivalent for 'hear, hear!' or 'Amen'. Kove the village constable made his address in reply, first insisting on a general silence, which he considered due to his status and uniform, and after that the hosts and guests, mutually satisfied, mingled and fell to upon the real taro.

Such a scene is common enough. It illustrates the keenness which the various sects feel in their Taro, and the welcome which is offered to the apostles. What with these, and with the impressionable character of the native, it is not surprising that a cult, which for whatever reason commends itself to native imagination, should spread rapidly and far.

The actual distribution of the Taro cult is in the main confined to the Orokaiva tribes. Northwards it seems to have stopped short of the Waria people, who while possessing many affinities with the Orokaiva, speak a different language. It is firmly established along the lower Gira, but on the middle Gira it seems to have made small headway, partly because of a minor cult of *Wo-embo*, or 'animal men', a clique of hunting magicians, and partly because of the long-established mission station at Peo.

Commencing from the mouth of the Mambare the movement seems to have spread at first in two principal directions—up the Mambare itself, and southward down the coast. Then it would seem to have penetrated inland from the coast by two principal routes—up the river Kumusi, and up the thickly populated road from Buna through Sangara to Kokoda. To the Aiga, who are a comparatively isolated tribe, the Taro cult has found its way by both these latter routes, from the east via the river Kumusi, and from the south via Wasida, a populous